

A KNIGHT OF THE ETS

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(Continued from Tuesday's Star.)

CHAPTER IV.
There was now no thought of Glasgow. When the day broke Andrew was in the maniacal delirium of severe brain inflammation, and it took the united strength of two of his mates to control him. To desert her mother and brother at this crisis would have been an impossible thing to Christina. She wrote to Jamie, and then devoted herself night and day to the duty before her. Week after week the two women walked bravely and lovingly by the sick man's side through the valley of the shadow of death, but when life was at its lowest point, and hope was gone, there was one morning a strange flutter, and life began to turn back, just as the tide began to flow. Janet looked at her son, and then at the turning waters, and said softly: "Thank God, Christina, he has turned with the tide. He is a right now."

It was, however, April in its last days when Andrew could get down the cliff, and there was no expectation of his resuming work until the herring fishing in June. He said little about his work and nothing at all about Sophie or his lost money. In the

tremendous furnace of his affliction these elements of it appeared to have been utterly consumed. But Janet and Christina were feeling the stress of his long illness in a way strange and humiliating—for the first time in their lives they were without ready money. It was hard for Janet to realize that there was not "a little bit in the bank to fall back on," and Christina was trying to decide whether it was best to run into debt or to get a small mortgage on their home.

She was pondering this, to her, terrible question one night when she thought her mother and brother were both fast asleep. It was after midnight, the moon was full and the sea quiet, and the sweet stretch of the lonely hour entered her heart. For a little space she walked abreast of angels, for, though there is no open vision in these days, his presence is ever near those who can feel it. She did not voice her anxiety, but it passed from her heart into the infinite heart, and she was calm and comforted.

Suddenly she heard a movement, and Andrew, fully dressed, came from his room. He was seeing through his eyes, and with them; he looked like a spirit, and she was afraid to speak to him. Without a sign or word he passed her and began to descend the cliff. "He is walking in his

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the new shortening, like all other things must be rightly used if you wish the best results. Never, in any recipe, use more than two-thirds as much Cottleene as you used to use of lard. Never put Cottleene in a hot pan. Put it in when cold and heat it with the pan. Be careful not to burn Cottleene. To test it, add a drop of water; if hot enough, it will pop. Cottleene, when rightly used, delights everyone. Get the genuine, sold everywhere in tins, with trade-marks—"Cottleene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin.

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sleep and may get into danger," and with this thought she was following his foot-steps. He made no noise and went forward with a motion light and rapid, the very reverse of the slow, heavy-footed gait of the fisherman. But she kept him in sight as he glided over the rocky and water-lined sands and round the rocky points which jutted outward, until, after a walk of nearly two miles he made directly for a series of bold rocks, penetrated by numerous caverns. Into one of these he entered, walking without hesitation over the most dangerously narrow paths. Indeed, here Christina was so much delayed by the precautions necessary for her life that she lost sight of her brother, and her heart stood still with terror.

Slowly she climbed the hollow crags which seemed to close together in a way that forbade further progress. But she could not believe Andrew had perished; she would have heard the fall of his body or its splash in the water beneath, and she continued to climb and clamber, though every step appeared to make further exploration more and more impossible. But with a startling unexpectedness she found herself in a circular chamber open to the sky, and the large boulders lying around Andrew sat. He had the lost box of gold and notes before him and was counting the money. She held her breath, and then, as he turned to stir, she divined at once the whole secret. Motionless she watched him unroll and then re-roll the notes, count and recount the gold and lock and hide away the box in an aperture above his head, filling the space in front of it with a stone that exactly fitted.

Then, without hurry or hesitation, he retraced his steps, and Christina followed as rapidly as she was able. But he was far advanced when she reached the open beach, and almost exhausted, she sat down to realize the relief that had come to them to wonder, to clasp her hands in adoration to weep tears of joy. When she reached home it was quite light. Andrew was lying motionless in the deepest sleep, but Janet, half awake and half awake, told her what she had seen early, Christina?

"You should have brought the box with you, Christina. Oh, my lassie, if some other body should see it what you have will be fairly ruined twice over."

"Andrew must go for it himself," mother. He might not believe it was there, if he did not go for it. You know, the suspicious body Jamie and me myself."

It seemed that morning as if Andrew would never awaken, but at length he rose, and came into the kitchen. The look on his mother's face arrested him at once, and when he saw the same look on Christina's he laid down his knife and fork and said: "What is it? There is something you have to tell me."

"Oh, my lad," cried Janet, "there is a question I am found. I didn't think of it, but it is lost! Dinna mind me, Andrew; I canna help greeting for the joy of it!"

Then Christina told him the whole story, and he pushed away his plate and went into his room awhile. When he came out his face was shining, and he said, joyfully: "I saw it, Christina; you saw it, too. I found the box, though I ken well the place you mean. I hid the first shillings I ever saved there. And as they walked together he pointed to the spot where Christina, but I'm sure I ken how all this trouble came about. After I showed you the money I got feared you would not believe me, and I thought of the probability till it became a sure thing in my mind, and, sure enough, my heart being troubled, I got up in my sleep and put the silver in my maid's hilling place. And as I hid it in my sleep, it was only in my sleep I ken where it had hid. There is two of us, Christina, I'm thinking, and the one man doesn't tell the other man everything he knows. I should have trusted you."

"You might have trusted me, safely, Andrew."

"I had done wrong, and I must put the wrong right. When I heard you hear from Jamie? And where is he?"

"I dinna ken where he is. He sailed away from you time and he left the ship in New York. He said when he wrote me that you would find out some day how far wrong you were and then things might be different. You see, I thought I should go and come to Glasgow, and you were ill, and I couldn't leave you."

"Dinna cry, Christina. I'll seek Jamie or I'll find him, but I'll find him, wonder at myself! I'm ashamed of myself."

"You weren't altogether to blame, Andrew. You were ill at the time, your father was on fire, and you weren't to be held for any word you said. But if you seek Jamie and say as much to him, may be I might be happy for a'that has come and gone."

"What else could I do but seek Jamie? I was wronged you both cruelly, and I be to make it up to you, as well as sorrow and siller can do so."

When they reached the cavern Andrew would not let her enter, but in a little while he returned with the box in his hands. His heart was ringing to the music of his happiness, for he felt now that the door was open, and he could walk at will to success as to a friend on his own hearthstone. That afternoon he put the money in the bank and made preparations for his mother's and sister's comfort for several weeks. Then he went to Glasgow and was fortunate enough to find the ship in which Jamie sailed. The third mate recalled the young man readily.

"He was in some love trouble," he said, "and thought he could get the girl if he ran away to Cuba or New Orleans, some where near to the equator. I wouldn't seek him," he added. "He'll come home again, for Jamie's father had no doubt for a while, and I will pull him Scotland-wise sooner or later."

"I have wronged him fairly, sir," said Andrew.

"That's a different matter. I would go and right him."

"Aye; that is what I want to do."

The mate sailed to New York, and Janet resumed her old friendly, gossiping ways, and Christina quietly but still hopefully began again her preparations for her mother's and sister's comfort for several weeks. "Andrew is bound to find him," she said, "and he is bound to be glad enough to come home, no to speak of yourself. If you get the siller and distaff ready, God is sure to send the flax, and by the same token, get your spinning made and marked and your bride clothes finished and God will send the husband, no doubt."

One of the first results of Janet's recovery was to write to her mother, and she was miserably married. Some, indeed, said that she had run away from her husband and gone back to her cousin Isobel, who had refused to take her in. Isobel would say nothing to Janet on the subject, but Janet thought "the look of her mother's face" was a sign that there was serious trouble, for Mr. Braelands and his mother were in France together and Sophie had certainly been seen in Largo since their departure. And these things made Janet and Christina very anxious about the motherless little woman. For she ought to be with her old grandmother, and no where else," said Christina.

"Gudeamen, indeed!" cried Janet, scornfully. "Gudeamen! there's few o' them deserve the name."

"You were kin to her dead mother, and you should see to her."

"Not I, Christina. I'll no come between man and wife. I'll only get the wye for it. Many a sair heart folks get wi' meddling wi' what they canna mend."

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In the meantime Andrew, after a pleasant sail, had reached New York. With the information received in Glasgow he had little difficulty in locating Jamie, whose name was found on the list of seamen, sailing a steamer between New York and New Orleans. She was then at her berth on the North river, and, with permission to interview James Lauder, Andrew went on board her one very hot afternoon about 6 o'clock. Jamie was at the hold attending to the cargo, and as he lifted himself from the stooping attitude which his work demanded he saw Andrew Binnie and knew him.

"Andrew instantly put out his hand. 'Jamie,' he said, 'I thought wrong of you and I did you wrong. I have come here to say 'Forgive me!'"

"I knew you would come to yourself some day, Andrew. There's my hand! I haven't a thing against you now. How's Christina?"

"Well, but wearing for you. I have promised to bring her home with me. Jamie. You will surely come?"

"Ay, gladly, if it can be managed. I am fair sick for the soft gray skies and the keen salt wind of the North sea. The last Sabbath I was baking in New Orleans I thought I heard the kirk bells across the sands and saw Christina sleeping down the rocks with the Bible in her hands and her sweet smile making my heart but mine happy, and I was sick with longing."

They spent the night together, and finally affairs were so arranged that Jamie and Andrew took the next morning's steamer home again. And during the voyage the men grew close to each other, and Andrew told Jamie that he was to be captain of one of the Red-White fleet, and offered him a berth in his ship. And thus all things were settled and talked over before they landed, and ere they reached Pittencaigle the men were already brotherly.

The marriage was not delayed. Andrew gave Christina a silk gown and a hundred gold sovereigns, and Janet gave her daughter a piece of land close to her own cottage, on which Jamie immediately began to build a village, so that the young, were at the wedding, so that on two days the feast, the song and the dance went gayly on, and during those two days not a single fishing boat left the little port of Pittencaigle.

The man went off to sea, and Janet and Christina had a never-ceasing interest in the building and the planning of the new house. It was not fashionable, nor hardly permissible, for any one to build a house on a plan so grand, that the traditional fisher cottage, but Christina, though not larger than her neighbors', had the modern convenience of many little closets and presses, which Janet, with her knowledge of nappery and broadcloths, so that never a young lass in Pittencaigle began life under such full and happy circumstances.

It was, however, far into the fall of the year before the new fire was lit on the new hearth and Christina moved into her own house. It was only divided from her mother's by a little garden, and the two women could stand at their doors and talk to each other. So the pleasant months passed, and the winter came, and Jamie's visits to mark them, until one cold, frosty morning in December, Janet was washing her dinner plate and singing:

"I cast my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil and three to fry,
And three to butt the rest of the day."

When she heard a sharp rap at her door. The rap was not made with the hand, and she opened the door and saw the master of Braelands. She perceived also that he had struck her door with the handle of the short whip in his hand, and it offended her.

"Weel, sir; your bidding?" she asked, dourly.

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